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## Selected Miscellany.

## THE OLD SWEET SONG.

I remember a song whose numbers through  
As sweetly in memory's wallet bore.  
One round of the old song, the old song of East;  
One simple old song, a dream song over;  
Two or three songs, but when these depart,  
Like an aged player, it slips to my heart.

I have wandered far, under sun and star,  
And the song of old still comes to me.
The song which was in my heart,  
From the card case of the romance.

To the woodrose peal of a sacred chime;

I have drawn in the song, which breathes life let

To the old song in heart and hall.

The anthem blend of the masters grand,

As the old song of old still comes to me.

The thunder roll of the old song over;

Drowses not the number of fairy strings,

Or the Shepherd's pipe, whose music thrills

With the breath of morn o'er the sleeping hills.

Perhaps none remain like the simple song;

Which my mother sang, my child's first carol,

A melody and echo of a yellow soft.

She gently hushed to rock me to sleep;

I see her now with her bright head bent

In the light which the taper cast so faint.

I can see her now, with her fair pure brow,

And the dark locks pushed from her temple,

And the tears of her tender gaze,

As she watched the song that is sweet for all.

Like rose leaves over my spirit fell.

And the note still through of that old sweet song;

The touch that the lips that breathed them to me,

Like the theme of which music—her

Like the voices of the waters cold beneath;

And like mine my being and beats my heart.

That song, that song, the old sweet song!

I never left it like a dream, like a dream,

Like a dream, like a dream,

And by this time it was again,

I shall tell if I know, when the last deep roar

Shall tell me to the earth's dark heart.

## A GAMBLING TRICK.

DURING the steeple-chase week at Aldershot some years ago, I was induced by a young friend, in whom I took a great interest, but over whom I unfortunately possessed but little control, to accompany him one evening to a certain roulette-table.

My friend, who shall call Herbert B., was an impulsive, warm-hearted boy, but, given us to a Leslie and a Leslie, a very gullible as you would see in a day's walk. He was a bore, or like, many of his countrymen, thoughtless to a degree, and seemed always quite unable to resist the impulse of the moment, whatever it might be. Knowing him to be in debt, and dependent almost altogether on his pay, I tried my best to dissuade him from going; but it was no use; and so I determined to go along with him, to try and keep him as much as possible out of harm. For all I could do, though at first I thought I might as well have remained at home.

Every one, I suppose, knows what roulette-flim-flam this is! I declined to give it "the exception," I will endeavor to describe it.

Four things are clearly necessary for its performance. First, a board of peculiar and complicated construction, of which more hereafter; second, a cloth of red and half black, with sundry numbers and calendar characters painted on it; third, a professor of loden-denim, to manipulate the wheel; and finally, the dais to be placed.

Herbert B.—represented the last item to perfection, except that he had very little to be pulled off. In a few minutes all his available cash had melted in almost equal proportion on both the red and the black, which colors he backed impartially, but generally with the same result, so he nearly always lost. His last coin having vanished, he rose to go, remarking incidentally that he had brought no more money with him.

"Won't you take a glass of champagne, sir?" said an oily voice at his elbow, and turning round, he beheld a sleek, bespectacled, Methodist parson-like individual who was rubbing his hands in an apparently nervous manner, and smiling slyly.

"Well, I suppose I may as well," replied Herbert, as he followed the other to the side-board.

"We'll be happy to find you any money you like." Caprice, to go or with, insinuated the greasy, owner of the oily voice. As the bottle was being opened, adding, as the liquor foamed in the tumbler: "Your luck has been dreadful, to be sure; but it is safe to turn; and with the steady game you play, you stand an uncommon good chance of winning. I can tell you, though I say it, who shouldn't, if I consulted my own interest."

But why dwell on my poor friend's folly? He gulped down the stuff they called champagne, borrowed ten pounds, and turned to the table.

When he left the house, some hours later, he had written checks for 300 pounds in favor of the oily one, and to meet these checks he told me he did not possess 500 farthings.

I was, unfortunately, poor myself, and could do nothing for him; so advising him to go home and try and get some sleep, and come to me in the morning to have a talk about his affairs; we separated; he to his hut in the North Camp, and I to my quarters.

The following morning, when I awoke, I saw my servant standing by my bedside.

"You know Mr. B.—sir," said he. "He shot himself dead last night."

"Shot himself? Impossible! What on earth are you talking about?" I exclaimed, jumping out of bed.

"It's quite true, sir. His servant is here."

"Yes, it was true. My poor friend, in a moment of desperation, which, as the jury truly said, was temporary insanity, had committed the rash act for which there was no remedy."

About a fortnight afterward, I heard

the mess the following story, which I will give in the words of the narrator:

"What about the roulette-blinders? Haven't you heard? Oh, I'll tell you with pleasure."

"You know Stan's billiard-room, I suppose? Well, the beggars had established themselves there, and carried on their billiard-game on the billiard-table, from which they had removed the cushions. One night I strolled in by accident, and found the room crowded with fellows, some sitting on the table itself, and more standing round it, but nearly all dropping their coin like smoke. In the middle stood the roulette-table, flanked by heaps of gold and silver; and on each side of these were cloths, with the numbers and zeros painted on them in the usual manner. French of the 2nd Lancers was being bled to a frightful extent. He would persist in sticking the red for silver; so, when I tell you the black passed four-and-twenty times, you may imagine it was rather hot for him." At Horning, the longest run on record is thirteen or sixteen, I forgot which, so this alone ought to have made the fellows snail a rat; but they didn't apparently, for they went on playing as long as they had any money.

"A few men of course, and Smith of the — was one of them. The little beast was as pleased as Punch, and kept sticking half-crowns on whichever color was not otherwise tucked, till he had quite a heap beside him. He was right enough, perhaps, but it made me savage to see the only card he had.

"Well, matters went on like this for a goodish bit, and champagne was flowing all over the place, when in walks Robinson of the — th, who just rejoined from sick-leave, surrounded by a lot of his pals.

"As seen as he was the new arrival, the fellow who was twirling the board gave a little start, and became visibly perturbed. He, however, kept on as usual, calling the game steadily—twenty, red, and over-taxed with winning, and just as a few half-crowns, and was just proceeding to give the white another turn, when Robinson, who had strolled quietly round to the side of the table, coolly clapped him on one side, and drawing the board over to himself, called out in a loud voice, 'Stop, stop, allow me to explain the mechanism of this swindle.'

"There was, of course, a tremendous roar immediately. Thereof the gang closed up from their outlying posts about the room, and before you could I say knife, the plot of the money had disappeared. Two or three of the swindlers then tried to get hold of the board, and the mean beggars who had been collaring their half-crowns tucked them up, and were laid in their chairs of abomination and order; but Robinson stuck to the timber like a good nail, and being supported by his friends, soon carried his point and obtained a hearing.

"In two minutes the who's done was explained and practically illustrated, so that even the half-crown felons were obliged to admit they were convinced.

"This is how it was done. You know the little partitions which divide the holes the ball settles in from each other? Well, there were all movable, and Robinson showed us how, in the art of setting the wheel going, while he whirled the ball in the opposite direction, the fellow who operated could raise with his little finger whichever partition he liked, to the extent of about the sixteenths of an inch above the rest. If he wanted black to win all he had to do was to elevate the partition in front of one of the red holes, and as the ball went through it, it would naturally and necessarily stop, eventually, where it met resistance, and thus remain in whichever color or number the sounder had, as it were, set it for. To do this so as to avoid detection required, of course, considerable sleight-of-hand, and it was on this account, to do, as Robinson pointed out, that the gang numbered some seven or eight in all, it was invariably the same individual who presided.

This explanation occupied some considerable time, and caused as you may imagine no end of session, particularly among those fellows who had been losing heavily. Immediately as one was seated in the shade of the postoffice yesterday, devouring a banana, there arose a cry for vengeance, and the only one of the lot who could be found was forthwith seized by a dozen irate warriors, who with one voice demanded satisfaction. The poor wretch, a low-sized, greasy man, tried in vain to make himself heard, and shrieked aloud for mercy. None, however, was shown him; for first his hat was playfully kicked about, and then his coat was torn off piecemeal, revealing remarkably dirty under-garments. His waistcoat disappeared next, and finally his trousers and boots vanished. His costume then consisted of a dilapidated flannel shirt, and filthy socks, and it was lucky for him that these articles were in such an unctuous state, for it was that fact alone which saved him from being turned adrift on the streets of Aldershot, as naked as he was born.

"It wasn't bad lark, was it? But I forgot to say that in the fellow's breast-pocket there was a wallet of ponderous dimensions, and in it a number of checks and bills, which a man whose name I won't mention, but whom you all know, inside a small bonfire of it, a tray in the center of the billiard-table."

"Well, I must say," said our Col-

onel, who had been an attentive listener, "that I am surprised you should have gone to such a place under any

circumstances, but to go so soon after that terrible affair in the North Camp."

"I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted the narrator of the story, "but all this happened the night after poor B.—'s death, the particulars of which had not then oozed out. Had the circumstances which led to his sad end been known, it would have fared much harder with the greasy man. But it is satisfactory to know, isn't it, that he did get some punishment?"

## A Spiritual Imposter.

"IN the early part of the year 1873, Helen Maria Flint obtained a limited divorce in the Superior Court, from her husband Rufus Wagner Flint, on the ground of infidelity, the court awarding her eleven dollars per week alimony and \$250 counsel fee. Mr. Flint failing to pay either, was incarcerated in Ludlow Street Jail, and the case came up before Judge Westbrook, in Chambers yesterday, on habeas corpus, for his discharge, on the ground of his inability to pay. The writ was dismissed on the ground that it did not apply in such cases, and the case was then taken up on a motion to vacate the attachment. In opposition to this motion Mr. Townsend, who appeared for the ex-wife, read the affidavit of Mrs. Flint, which sets forth that her husband practices as a spiritual medium, and while they lived together supported himself and family by professing to answer, without opening letters addressed to the dead, two dollars only being collected in advance) for his trouble. Mrs. Flint has also in her possession letters to her ex-husband from all parts of the country and a small steam instrument used by him in opening the letters addressed to the spirits through him. The communications are from parents to children, brothers to sisters, wives asking their dead husbands for advice, and from daughters setting forth their troubles and care to their dead mothers. Nearly all destined to become mediums, and their inquiries were directed as to the best method of development. The circular which Flint sent to his dupes reads as follows:

"I am controlled by one spirit purporting to be my guide, who is the self for the spirits, delivering in his own handwriting what is dictated to him by the spirit communicating. I am in a normal, not trance state, but am unconscious of the compulsion. My hand is moved to write from right to left (backward) independent of myself. By holding the written side up to the light the writer can be read. The spirit letters should be securely sealed, addressed to the spirit, giving his or her name in full, and signed by the writer in full, but no address on the envelope. When left open they cannot be answered, my agency being only efficient when my mind is passive and blank to both questions and answers. Put your questions clearly, distinctly, briefly. The spirit will defeat the object of the investigation. I would advise all my correspondents to register all letters containing money. I have my photograph for sale exhibiting my spirit guide's hand and arm taken while answering a sealed letter."

"I have known whisky to make a man generous, but as soon as he got sober again he would get square with him, and be more mean than ever.

Opportunities are like birds, they will slip out of your hands if you give them half a chance.

The cheapest and best way is, to convince a fool to agree with him.

We love those who are dependent upon us, and respect those on whom we are dependent.

What man gets in this world for nothing he is very apt to value at just what it cost him.

Young man, the world may possibly think less of you than you do of yourself, but they certainly won't think more of you.

Most people travel to see, and be seen, but few travel to learn.

The man who is reckless of his life generally holds it at about its market value.

Every man thinks he is the principal bull-ring in the province, and I guess he is.

The safest thing that I can do is to hold my tongue; I have learned this by hearing other folks talk."

The consumption of all villainy is that it begins, its career by creating some folks, and ends up by getting beat by everybody.

We are too apt to look upon the misfortunes of our neighbors as judgments from Heaven, just as though a sinner couldn't be corrected any other way than by burning up his barn with a stroke of lightning.

One of the kindest things that God has done for men is to make them dependent upon each other.

Folly is the basest of passions; its real object is to benefit itself at the expense of another.

First comes virtue, then comes knowledge, then comes energy—these are the three king pins of human excellence.

To be thoroughly educated a man must know himself, and no man has lived long enough for that yet.

To work is the great law of nature. Some saw wood to get a dinner, while others have to saw wood to digest the dinner they have got.

I notice one thing—those children who are very learned, at ten, are simpletons at twenty.

Laughing is like praying in some respects—it's value depends entirely whether it comes from the heart or the throat; and very loud laughing, like very loud praying, is always suspicious.

I am opposed to capital punishment for one reason—if everybody was hung who deserved it, it would use up all the timber in the world to make the scaffold with.

I would as soon think of breaking up hornets' nests for honey, as going to law to get justice.

Forget the past, young man, attend to the present, and let the future take care of itself.

The lazy are the ones who pray for death, and are the ones most afraid of it.

If you would be happy, live as though this day was to be the last one.

## Science a Hundred Years Ago.

A HUNDRED years ago Linnaeus, the father of modern science, was yet alive. He had already perfected his great work—that of classifying all living things on such easy principles as occurred to him. These bases of classification have all been discarded since by wider and more profound students, but he was able to do and the thousands of plants and animals which he first distinguished and named will keep his name in perpetual reverence. A hundred years ago De Candolle was not born. A hundred years ago Curvier was but six years old. The sciences of a hundred years ago were eager, curious, feeling out everywhere into regions full of fruit to be gathered. It was a hundred years ago that Linnaeus, instantly turned his thoughts to the practical account of the lightning-rod.

COUNT Rumford had

not then made his famous discovery of the equivalence of heat and motion.

We had no zoologist.

Linnaeus was hardly invented then.

But we had Bartram, the contemporary of Linnaeus, and who was, next to Linnaeus, the greatest living botanist.

A hundred years ago there was no chemistry in existence, although Priestley, not yet an American resident, had discovered oxygen two years before.

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# The Northville Record

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, AUG. 26, 1876.

A TRIP TO MACKINAW.

Comforts of Lake travels compared with city heat and dust. "Fun-loving passengers" "Ships' Log" etc.

Picture to yourself a hundred or more passengers, representing American, German, Irish, French and other nationalities, all well dressed, well behaved and merrily inclined, each bent upon leaving business cares at home and making up their minds for a good time; and you can judge of the strong that met our gaze on the evening of Wednesday, Aug. 2nd, at which time we stepped aboard the favorite side wheel steamer, *Marine City*, for a trip to Mackinaw. The hour for starting 8 o'clock—steamboats leave punctually on time as well as railroad trains—found us on the way.

It is very probable that no better trip could be taken during warm weather, particularly in the months of July and August, than to the picture-resort and far-famed Island of Mackinaw, i.e., by steamer. The cool breezes of river and lake and pleasure arising from the friendly intercourse between the numerous passengers on the way, is certainly preferable to enduring the dust and searching heat of city life, tending to make one of a disposition not the most amiable.

Aboard a steamboat there are many advantages not found within city walls. There one can be on very intimate terms (no place like a steamboat for getting acquainted) with this elderly matron or damsel fair without the formality of introductions and a simple nod is as good as tipping the hat or breaking one's back in the absurd fashion of bowing. Talk of the enchanting moonlight rides, or exhilarating influence of a sea side ramble; it is nowhere. What is nicer than cosily seated (that is when your wife happens fortunately to have retired early,) abast the cabin, alongside some beautiful maiden listening the while to her melodious voice, the comments on the "lovely evening," or, "oh, how nice the moonlight on the water!" Fancy a dozen or more passengers in arm chairs sitting where the cooling breezes fan them, chattering away like so many magpies, and with every now and then the burst of laughter from some one at the climax to a good story, or at a neighbor's expense because a fear of falling overboard had induced him to get his seat away from the outside rail.

The following memoranda, or what sailors might term a "ships' log," will acquaint our readers with result of our trip:

Left Detroit on the *Marine City*, Wednesday Aug. 2, 8 p. m. Reached canal St. Clair flats half past 10 p. m.

Half past four following morning (Tuesday) found ourselves alongside str. *Bentz*, where she had gone aground in St. Clair river near St. Clair. Rope broke and we left her.

At Port Huron took on cattle and horses. Left at half past seven a. m.

On lake Huron at 8 a. m. Arrived at Lexington about 10 a. m., smooth sea and pleasant day. On Saginaw bay at 5 p. m. At Au Sable half past 10 p. m. Friday morning at Alpena about 5 o'clock, lovely day. Left Alpena at 8:20 a. m. Passed Thunder Bay light at 10 a. m. Passed Gull and Sugar Islands soon after. At 11:05 a. m. passed middle Island. Soon after met *Guiding Star* bound down. At noon were just going in to Presque Island. Nicest view yet, water bright green, sky blue and grey, heavy rolling white clouds. Took on board hunting party. At Crawford's quarry 3 o'clock p. m. looks like rain. At Rogers city soon after, lie here 3 hours, raining hard. Six o'clock clear but cool. Music and dancing in cabin. Run by Dunlop city to Cheboygan, could not get in and returned to Duncan city and landed passengers at 9 p. m. Reached Mackinaw at about 11 p. m. Saturday morning made a tour of the Island Miss — and myself crossed Arch Rock. Round Island lies just opposite Mackinaw. Left Mackinaw 11 o'clock bound. Aug. 5th left Cheboygan at 1 o'clock p. m. Rogers city half past six p. m. Arrived at Presque Island at 12 o'clock moonlight took on board hunting party. Dan overboard deck-hand, safely rescued. Got to Alpena at day light Sunday morning. Visited Fletcher house and bath rooms. Left Alpena 10 a. m. Had service at half past 10 a. m. discourse by Rev. Mr. Pierce. At 11:15 abreast of Scare Crow Island stopped. Arrived at Au Sable half past five p. m. took on corpse little girl drowned day before. Said service again in evening by Rev. Mr. Pierce of the Tabernacle, Detroit Monday morning Aug. 7th left Lexington half past four a. m. So many passengers no place to put them compelled to have an excursion on board. Arrived at Port Huron at 11:30 a. m. At 9 a. m. of St. Clair about 1 p. m. New floating bridge across St. Clair Flats canal. At 11:30 a. m. half past 2 o'clock p. m. 125 passengers aboard. Departure of boat at 3 o'clock.

The *Marine City* is one of the best

passenger boats now running and was the favorite in the S. Gardner & Co.'s River Line, coming into the possession of her present owner, Mr. David Gallagher upon the dissolution of the company. Her officers and employees show every attention to passengers, thereby gaining, for the boat a reputation that is of material worth to her owner. For numerous and unusual courtesies from the officers we feel deeply indebted.

## STATE NEWS.

**BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.**

Of the new harbor appropriation Holland \$100,000, Muskegon \$100,000, Muskegon and Macatawa east \$15,000. The harbor at Frankfort is considered one of the best on the lakes. The largest vessel can now enter it.

Over 200 of the business men of the Republic have signed a pledge not to support any office who does not promptly pay his little debts of \$50 and under. Good!

U. R. Bart's salt works at East Saginaw said to be the largest in the world, turn out 400 barrels of salt Aug. 4.

Muskegon city expects to have three new brick blocks, a new hotel, and residences yet this season.

Detroit shipper first cargo of new wheat boat Aug. 22, 17:00.

Alpena has shipped over 200,000 bushels posts this season.

Charlevoix has just finished a \$5,000 new house.

**PAVING AND PAVING.**

A merchant of Lyons went before last night a quantity of wool of last year's clip for 20 cents. He offered \$3 for the same wool last year, but the cossack farmer preferred keeping it over for higher prices.

The Marshall Examiner says that D. Hubbard of that vicinity recently threshed 20 acres of wheat which averaged 40 bushels.

The Wizard die Courier says that there are plenty of blackbirds and rattle snakes on the prairie west of the city.

George L. Slater of Richland, Kalamazoo county, threshed 500 bushels of claws wheat from 10 acres of ground.

Mr. Sigler, the grape grower of Adrian has never cultivation over 10 varieties, among them the Syrian grapes.

Tea, basins per acre are said to be the average yield of wheat in Bronx, Bronx county.

The average of wheat in Huron county is said to be only five or six bushels to the acre.

A new cranberry marsh has been discovered near the mouth of the Kawawkum river.

**MEETINGS AND ASSOCIATIONS.**

A Battle Creek colony has bought 20,000 acres of land in Scott county, Tennessee, and will settle upon it. Most of the citizens of Little Creek are among the managers.

The second annual meeting of the Huntingdon horse association will be held at Huntingdon Sept. 6, 7, and 8. Premiums will be given to the amount of \$1,500.

The papers say that Thomas Mead of Marquette is a poet, a writer, a merchant, the owner of a timber, a man of 40, a botanist, a hunter, and a taxidermist.

Green Leaf youth of Frankfort, Kentucky, the prohibition era isolate for the village yesterday, is announced as one of the speakers at the temperance meeting in town.

Sergeant Hawks, an Allegan boy, has been recommended by Gen. Heron for promotion to a senior lieutenant, for his gallantry in the Big H fight.

John Thompson, who used to carry the mail on foot from Detroit to Kalamazoo, now resides in Ann Arbor and is 90 years of age.

**WATER.**

A man of Battle Creek died Aug. 8, of Paralysis of the throat. Having literally starved. Two weeks ago, soon after eating a hearty breakfast, he discovered that his throat was paralyzed, and has been able to take either food or drink since his wife has been paralyzed for years.

H. George F. Blair was found dead in her bed at the residence of her son-in-law, Geo. Pepe of Colchester, Aug. 8. She had been ill a week or two, but on returning the evening previous said she had not felt so well in a long time. Her home was in Bronson.

August Fessenden, near Jackson, was cutting grass beside the railroad track Aug. 3, when a train came along and he attempted to cross the track to care for his team, and was run over and killed. He was 64 years old.

A lad in Dexter, 11 years old, named John McGovern, tried to get on a moving freight train Aug. 11, and was thrown off and instantly killed. His head was cut off and his body frightfully mangled.

David Ransford, a shoemaker of Flint, hung himself in his barn Aug. 9. Recently he had sold his goods to him, and so bravely left his wife and four little children to fight it out alone.

The wife of John Worthly, near Flint, drowned herself in a tub of water Aug. 11, while swimming in the river near the shore.

Mrs. Baswell, wife of Henry Baswell, a well known lumberman of Grand Haven, died Aug. 10. She was about 40 years of age.

Moses Atts was caught in the edger at Crosby mill, Greenbush, Aug. 8, and so badly injured that he died in an hour and a half.

**CALAMITIES.**

A little girl three years old was run over by the cars at Millington, Aug. 7, breaking both legs and severely injuring one side. The mother had gone into the woods berrying, and left it on the track. The train stopped and took the child to Lapeer, as no one appeared at the roadside to claim it.

A wildcat, accompanied by six kittens, recently attacked a family consisting of a blind man, his wife, and five children in their own house near Eliza, Roscommon county. They closed the doors and windows for some hours, and the animals finally left.

Mr. James A. Young, near Dundee, while passing Aug. 7, left her infant child in a lower place, wandering away after dinner and shortly return was horrified to find the child missing. Nothing has been found of it since.

Wardrobe had a \$10,000 loss Aug. 10, and the contents of 1500 dollars were lost. The insurance ran out a few days before, and had not been renewed.

The *Marine City* is one of the best

## General Hardware!

### NEW STOCK!

Having purchased the store owned by W. P. Hungerford, I have opened the same with a full stock of

## HARDWARE

of every description. Satisfaction guaranteed.

D. B. NORTHRUP.

200 Academy.

DETROIT.



### FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The odd medal for Persian cast with long tails has broken out among the Daimios of Japan. An enterprising captain of a merchant vessel sold three a short time ago for \$4,000.

A FELLOW-PEELING ought to make Queen Victoria kind to the Sultan. It is estimated that in her dominions the Empress of India rules over 800,000 Christians and nearly 50,000,000 Mahometans. She has nearly 10,000,000 more of Mahometan subjects than the Sultan himself.

In the battle at Satschar a Serbian officer, Captain Frassanovich, distinguished himself greatly. He took his saber in his teeth, and a revolver in hand, charged through a Turkish detachment, captured the colors and carried them off, leaving a dead or wounded Turk behind him for every barrel of his weapon.

The "division of labor" is a great thing. A man named Bodda turns up in London who stated in court that he "got his living" by making claims on singers who sang copyrighted songs in public, and taking out summonses in the names of the proprietors. He is the husband of Louisa Pyne the once noted English opera singer.

There is but little doubt that Rastoul and the sixteen Communists who escaped with him last year from New Caledonia on a rude raft have been drowned. The fragments of the raft have been found, and Mme. Rastoul, who for many months has been waiting for her husband at Sydney, has at last abandoned hope of his safety.

The traditional amazon of the Slave has reappeared in Serbia. One of the Serbian cavalry troops is commanded by a lady "as beautiful as she is brave," who is bent on rivaling the fame of Mademoiselle de Ponostovator, the lovely aide-de-camp of Lanciewicz in the Polish revolution of 1863, and of the Countess of Plater, fair Lithuanian lady of twenty-five, who in 1850 at the head of 600 Poles attacked Dunaburg, and who was successful in several subsequent engagements with the Russians.

HAPPILY a month ago, it will be remembered, a boy from Porto Rico was arrested in New Jersey for shooting himself by trying to throw a railway train off the track "just to see her jump." On the 12th of July a precisely similar event occurred near Parkersburg, where a policeman found a boy, eleven years old, Charles Prunier, busily occupied in rolling down stones on the track of the Great Northern Railway from the top of the railway bridge. When arrested and questioned, the amiable child replied that he wanted to "see the fun when the train came along."

A BLIND Swiss girl, who is an adept at fine needlework, recently sent to the Emperor of Germany a table-cover exquisitely worked with her own hands, and to avoid the appearance of having sent the present in expectation of getting something in return she omitted her address and simply signed herself "A Blind Girl in Switzerland." The old monarch was so pleased with the gift and the manner of sending it that he caused the German Minister in Switzerland to ascertain the girl's name and address whereupon he sent her a valuable brooch and an autograph letter of thanks.

### INDUSTRIAL.

KANSAS complains of the enormity of her crop of cereals.

It is certain that a very large cotton crop will be gathered this year.

CALIFORNIA, with all her immense wheat crop and other agricultural wealth, is obliged to import eggs.

A SQUATTER or squatter is superficial feet... The lap of slate varies from two to four inches. The pitch of a slate roof should not be less than one inch in height to four inches in length.

In addition to making shingles, slate, shingles and wire-work, sawing, splitting and bundling kindling-wood, the prisoners in the New Haven (Conn.) jail have begun the manufacture of corsets.

SOUTHERN fruit dealers are beginning to use a new car which, it is said, prevents the jolting that is so destructive of fruit, especially watermelons. The cars are small, to hold about 200 melons each, and are built with slats for ventilation, and can be readily removed from the truck, so that the fruit need not be disturbed.

MEXICO has suffered a severe loss in the melancholy death of Com. Carter, one of the Mohawk victims. The deceased, though not over thirty-five years of age, was the heaviest manufacturer of cotton goods in the United States, and spun annually not less than 75,000 bales cotton. Of this quantity he bought annually in Memphis 25,000 to 30,000 bales, and was ever a firm friend to that market.

The New York papers observe that the general reduction of wages is having its effect on cooks and chambermaids. A good woman cook who formerly commanded twenty dollars a month now gladly engages for fifteen, and chambermaids who of late years have been paid twelve dollars, now readily take ten dollars. Nursery girls can be had for six dollars to eight dollars. Many families have reduced the number of their servants, and some who formerly employed only one now do their own work. Male servants have suffered further reductions, than women as being less essential. Discharged coachmen are driving hacks and cars, and footmen have become hotel and restaurant waiters. Coachmen who often commanded from thirty-five dollars to forty dollars a month are offering themselves for twenty dollars, and footmen who formerly got twenty-five will gladly take fifteen dollars.

ENGINEERS have at different times directed their attention to the obtaining of a metal, if possible, which shall be so resistant to the action of a partially molten iron, as to prevent those accidents which now and again prove painfully disastrous in the working of blast furnaces. The smelting process

should go gradually on, the iron steel being melted as it were from the stone, the blast being operated under sometimes the partially melted material is hung or "pocketed," at a little distance above the reverberatory, and after a time comes down with a rush. There is risk that during the fall particles of molten iron and cinder may impinge upon the furnace, burn them through, and allow the water to escape into the furnace, with the result that the heated mass coming down upon the water which has so escaped, an explosion ensues. The endeavors made with a view to obtain a material which shall not be eaten through by the hot metal show that nothing is safer than really good boiler-plate iron.—*N. Y. Sun.*

### A Mysterious Photograph.

A small shop at the southwest corner of Ninth and Penn streets is occupied by a German watchmaker. He has in his possession the photograph of a young lady who, formerly resided on North Ninth street, this city. The most wonderful and mysterious history is told concerning the picture. The young lady about nine years of age, was in excellent health, rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed, and in the best of spirits, about five months ago. She resolved to have her picture taken, and went to Reading. In the course of a few days she got the pictures and took them home. What is said to have followed was told to an *Eagle* reporter by the watchmaker this morning. She took her photographs home and showed one of them to a member of the family. The mother examined the picture awhile, and then said in German, "Why, this picture has a death's head on it." She turned to the nie who asked, "What's about?" and what looked like a skull was distinctly seen on the picture and it excited some curiosity. No attention was paid to this; and a few days afterward one of her photographs was looked at again, and to their great astonishment they discovered that the figure on what greatly resembled it, of another skull had appeared just above it. This was also pointed out to the young lady, and she became deathly pale and took her bed. She slowly sank, and in two months after the *Art* (sic) picture taken, she was a corpse.

The reporter asked to see the photograph. It was shown. It represented a stout, healthy, fresh-faced, smiling young lady. When she had her picture taken she wore a rose at her throat. This flower was so shaded that its picture really represents a skull. Below can be traced with a magnifying glass the outline of another strange-looking face. It is a strange freak of art, and must be seen to be properly understood and realized. It is stated that the young lady died from fright.—*Reading (Pa.) Eagle.*

### A Chicago News-Girl.

PEOPLE who have occasion to pass between corner in the whole city, that of State and Madison streets, frequently notice a young girl selling newspapers there. Now, the idea of a news-girl is not an agreeable one at first thought, or second thought either. The associations are decidedly unpleasant. To think of a girl growing upon the streets, and receiving her education among the newsboys, is enough to properly understand and realize it. It is stated that the young lady died from fright.—*Reading (Pa.) Eagle.*

She is in the world. She will be sixteen years old in September next. She is smart, energetic, determined, ambitious and honest. With all these qualities she is sure to make her way up in the world, and there is no one who will not wish her success. And there are none who will not feel more kindly toward her as they see her selling her newspaper and know her ambition is—*Chicago Journal.*

### MULTUM IN PARVO.

A BAD spell of weather—Wethur. THERE IS NO KING ON EARTH BUT LOVE.

THE toad, when let alone, lives fifty years. The toad never dies.

WHY ought a cobbler never "peg out"? He's supposed to be ever-lasting.

THE DAY IS NOT FAR DISTANT WHEN EVER SHIRT-COLLAR WILL STAND ALONE AGAIN.

BE RESPECTFUL TO FLIES. A Montreal baby got bit by one the other day and died.

IN AN AGRICULTURAL BASE-BALL NINE THEY HAVE A HAY-PITCHER AND A COW-CATCHER.

A LONG BRACH woman wears the golden-collar-of-her-terrier-dog as a bracelet. She loved that puppy.

"Ma, dear," said an intelligent pet, "what do they play the organ so loud for when church is out? Is it to wake us up?"

—TWENTY-DOLLAR premium for the first team of hogs is a feature of the approaching Robertson County (Tenn.) Fair.

THE GRINDSTONE OF HARD TIMES IS MAINTAINED BY THE REVOLUTION A MINUTE, AND GRINDS THE HARDEST ON THE FACE OF PRODIGY.

A WESTERN serpent was so unsatiable as to swallow a China nest egg, intended only for the deception of an inexperienced pullet.

WHEN A CANADA girl loves, she does love. In a breach-of-promise suit the other day it was shown that a young lady wrote to her lover eight times per day.

MANY OF THE POPULAR LECTURERS ARE PAID TO BE POOR, THE MAN WHO GETS HALF A DOLLAR TO HEAD SO READILY BEING FREQUENTLY UNFITTED BY NATURE TO EVER GET A DOLLAR BACK.

TWO ROCHESTER (N. Y.) WOMAN GOT INTO A FIGHT. ONE THREW A PAIR AT HER OPPONENT, AND A CHAIR CAME BACK! NEITHER HIT, BUT ONE OF THE WOMEN WENT INTO HER BOOTS, AND DIED OF INJURY.

PROBABLY YOU HAVE LEARNED WHY A MINISTER DELIVERING HIS PERORATION IS LIKE A RAGGED BOY? BECAUSE HE'S SO CLOSE, YOU KNOW. IT IS HARDLY APPARENT, CASE, HOWEVER.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

LITTLE GIRL.—"OH, PLEASE, AIR, I'VE BROUGHT YOUR SHIRT HOME, BUT MOTHER SAY SHE CAN'T WASH IT MORE, SO SHE WAS OBLIGED TO PAINT IT UP AGAIN THE WALL AND SLACK SOAP UPS AT IT, SO IT'S TENDER."

A GORGEOUS mule was struck by lightning and knocked insensible, and while lying on the ground another current came along and killed the animal—which proves that lightning does strike twice in the same place. AND IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY WHEN IT WANTS TO KILL A MULE.

"DONALD," said a Scotch dame, looking up from the catechism, to her son, "WHAT'S A SLANDER?" "A SLANDER, GUDE MILTER," quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid, "WEEL—I HADLY KNEW UNLESS IT BE MAYHAN AN OVER TRUE TALE WHICH ONE GODDESS TELL'D ME OF ANOTHER."

A PLUTOCRAT, after preaching a tedious sermon on happiness, during which he enumerated the various classes of happy persons, asked one of his elders what he thought of the discourse. "YOU OMITTED ONE LARGE CLASS OF THE HAPPY," REPLIED THE ELDER, "AND THAT IS THEY WHO ESCAPED YOUR SERMON."

A LADY AS A BIRTHDAY PRESENT GAVE HER LITTLE SON A FISHING-LINE, BOOK AND POLE. A FEW HOURS LATER SHE HEARD HIM SCREAM, AND RUSHING OUT DISCOVERED THAT ONE OF HER CHICKENS HAD SWALLOWED THE POLE. "DON'T BE NERVY, MAMMA," SAID THE URCHIN; "SHO STOP CHEWING THE LINE WHEN SHE REACHES THE POLE."

DID YOU EVER WATCH THE NOISELESS MOVEMENTS OF A PRETTY GIRL'S LIPS AS HER DRESS IS THROWN UPON, AND MARVEL AT THE SELF-COMPOSED WHICH ENABLES HER TO DO THE SITUATION JUSTICE IN SO QUIET A MANNER? A DOZEN FONTS OF TYPE WOULDN'T FURNISH DASHES ENOUGH TO REPRESENT THE REMARKS OF THE AVERAGE GIRL UNDER LIKE INSPIRATION.

A CORRESPONDENT WANTS TO KNOW THE BEST WAY TO PRESERVE CHERRIES. AROUND HER ONE WAY IS TO CLIMB THE TREES WITH A SHOT-GUN AT DARK AND STAY THERE TILL MORNING. ANOTHER WAY IS TO CARRY THE TREES INTO THE HOUSE EVERY NIGHT AT SUNSET. THE ONLY Sure WAY, HOWEVER, IS TO EAT THE CHERRIES BEFORE THEY ARE RIPE.—*Yorke's Bulletin.*

"WHY DO YOU WALK SO CROOKED, JOHN?" SAID MRS. HENRY, WITH CIRCUMSTANTIAL AS HER HUSBAND CAME IN FROM THE "CLUB." "BOOTS TIGHT, MY DEAR." "HUMPH! IF THE BOOTS ARE HALF AS TIGHT AS YOU, JOHN, THEY'D BE QUITE WILLING TO GO TO BED WITH YOU AND I RATHER THINK THEY WOULD." "THERE'S A GAL FOR YOU," MURMURED JOHN, AS HE STRUGGLED UP STAIRS. "CAN'T FOOL HER, HUH? GOSH, SHE KNOWS WHERE THEM BOOTS GOIN' SLEEP."

IT IS A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT TO BE "SASSY" ON NEW ENGLAND RAILROAD. TWO PASSENGERS WHO STARTED FROM HARTFORD FOR SPRINGFIELD TRIED IT A FEW DAYS SINCE, AND THE RESULT WAS THAT BOTH OF THEM HAVE BEEN TRIED AND FINED IN MASSACHUSETTS, AND ONE OF THEM HAS BEEN TRIED AND FINED THERE ALSO. THE OTHER WILL BE SERVED IN THE SAME MANNER IF HE VENTURES BACK AFTER PAYING HIS MASSACHUSETTS FINE. IT IS FORTUNE FOR THEM BOTH THAT THE RAILROAD LINE DID NOT RUN THROUGH THREE OR FOUR STATES INSTEAD OF TWO.

THE REV. NEWTON HALL ESTIMATES THAT THE CHURCHES OF GREAT BRITAIN HAVE GOT 40,000 MEMBERS WITHIN THREE YEARS BY INCONVERSION.

### FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

WATERS.—TWO EGGS, THOROUGHLY BEaten, A SMALL PINCH OF SALT. MIX STIFF WITH FLOUR, AND WELL, ROLL VERY THIN, BOIL IN HOT LARD.

JOHNNY CAKE.—ONE PINT OF SOY-MILK, A SMALL TEASPOONFUL EACH OF SUGAR AND CORN-MEAL TO MAKE A STIFF BATTER. BAKE HALF AN HOUR IN A QUICK OVEN.

EVEN AWAY FROM RIVERS, SWAMPS OR STOOGES, HOUSES ON HIGH LANDS SHOULD BE PROTECTED FROM DISEASE-BREEDING SEASPOONS, DRAINS, GARBAGE, DIRTY HOG PENS OR BARN-YARDS. HEALTH IS NOT TOO NEARLY PRESERVED AT ANY COST.

TO DEVIL HAM, CUT UP FRIED HAM IN SMALL BITS, NOT LARGER THAN PEAS. ADD TOMATO CATEUP, A TEASPOONFUL OF WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE AND A SMALL QUANTITY OF WINE.

—SLOWED IN THE PAST, TENSE OF A LOON.

MANY WHO ARE SUFFERING FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE WARM WEATHER AND ARE DELIBERATELY ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS TO TAKE MODERATE AMOUNTS OF WHOLEMEAT TWO OR THREE TIMES DURING THE DAY. IN THIS WHILE THOSE WHO ENJOY THE WINE FREQUENTLY HAVE THE NUMBER OF "DRINKS" IN THESE SO-CALLED RESTAURANTS, WHICH ARE OFTEN CONSIDERABLY EXCEEDING THE NUMBER OF WHOLEMEATS.

—FOR BREAKFAST, BOILED EGGS, COOKED AND BAKED, WITH A SMALL QUANTITY OF WHOLEMEAT.

—FRIED CORN.—CUT THE CORN FINELY FROM THE COB, SCRIBE THE COB; PUT A PIECE OF BUTTER AS LARGE AS AN EGG IN THE SPIDER, AND WHEN HOT, POUL IN THE CORN AND COVER UP CLOSELY. COOK FIFTEEN MINUTES, STIRRING OCCASIONALLY, BUT ADDING NO WATER. ADD SALT AND PEPPER, AND A CUP OF CREAM WHEN DONE.

—NO CONDITION OF WEATHER CHECKS THE GROWTH OF WOODS. HOT OR COLD, WET OR DRY, THEY ARE IN THEIR ELEMENT.

—THE GRINDSTONE OF HARD TIMES IS MAINTAINED BY THE REVOLUTION A MINUTE, AND GRINDS THE HARDEST ON THE FACE OF PRODIGY.

—A WESTERN serpent was so unsatiable as to swallow a China nest egg, intended only for the deception of an inexperienced pullet.

—ODD EXPRESSIONS WHICH COME DOWN TO US FROM THE FATHERS, HAVE GREAT INFLUENCE. "ILL WEEDS GROW SPACE," MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED ENOUGH IN OLD TIMES, BUT WE WANT A MORE ENERGETIC WORD TO EXPRESS THEIR PROGRESS IN THESE DAYS. IN THE WARM RAINS AND HOT SUN THEY GO IT BY THEIR DOUBLE-QUICK.

—TO COOK COOK MEAT, PUT THE MEAT INTO A CHOPPING BOWL, BUT IT IS TIME, SEASON WITH SALT, PEPPER AND A LITTLE ONION; ADD HALF A PINT OF DRAWN BUTTER. FILL A TIN BREAD PAN TWO-THIRDS FULL; COVER OVER WITH CRISPED POTATOES WHICH HAS BEEN SALTED AND HAS MILK IN IT; LAY LOTS OF BUTTER OVER THE TOP AND SET IT INTO AN OVEN FOR FIFTEEN OR TWENTY MINUTES.

—OVER-HEATED HORSES. IF CORRESPONDENT WILL, TO ONE PINT OF WATER AND ONE OUNCE OF CHLORIDE OF AMMONIUM, ADD AN OUNCE OF SWEET SPIRITS OF NITER, ONE TEASPOONFUL OF ACONITE, AND ONE TEASPOONFUL OF SODA.

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—A GOOD INVESTMENT, ONE DOLLAR FOR ELMERBERGER'S ANCE ALCOHOL. THE WORST CASE OF CHILD CURE IMMEDIATELY. NEVER MORE THAN ONE CHILD AFTER COMMENCING TREATMENT. THE SYSTEM AND IMPROVES THE APPETITE.

—NOTHING IS SO TERRIBLE AS INFECTIVE.

—THE UNITED STATES CENTRAL COUNCIL OF EDUCATION IN ITS LAST REPORTS TO THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE, RECOMMENDED THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A BUSINESS EDUCATION WHICH WILL SECURE THE ADVANTAGES WHICH THE UNITED STATES OFFERS.

—CENTRAL COUNCIL OF EDUCATION, FEDERATION OF STATE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATIONS.

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